

Ready Teddy? by [talesfromthesnogbox](#)

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Summary:

One shot turned two shot turned three shot originally written under the prompt "Eleven finding a stray animal". Pure fluff with a bit of angst and Supportive!Mike Wheeler in chapter 2!

1. Ready Teddy?

Author's Note:

Hey friends I'm back! Thanks to puzzlingsnark for these prompts, chapter 2 coming soon! You know the drill, if you like it lemmie know ;)

Although it had only been a few months, Hopper felt El's pain at not being allowed outside the cabin. She had turned into a typical sullen teenager, moping around, flipping through girly magazines that Nancy had given her, circling the makeup and clothing she liked. Hop's resolve broke pretty quickly after that, and El was elated.

He'd let her wander around the woods close to the cabin under one of the party members' supervision, and of course, it usually ended up being Mike.

In February, he'd taught her the joys of snowball fights, in early March, they'd built a pretty pathetic looking snowman (but El loved it all the same). Now it was April, and Hawkins was on the cusp of spring.

El began to love the rain. Will had so lovingly told her that April showers bring May flowers, and El absolutely loved flowers (Mike had brought them for her on Valentine's Day, and Hop could have sworn she was the happiest girl in the world). She often splashed around in front of the cabin in a pair of galoshes, uncaring if her curly hair got wet.

Mike on the other hand, was not too fond of the way his clothes felt when wet. He opted to sit on the porch under the cover of an umbrella while he watched El play.

One day in late March, El heard a quiet squeak coming from a nearby bush.

"Mike?" She looked at him fearfully, hoping they didn't have another D'art on their hands.

Mike stood up, walking towards the sound and pushed away the leaves to find a tiny kitten with freshly opened eyes soaking wet.

“What is it?” El asked.

He smiled, petting the small thing’s head with his fingertip. “A kitten! Hey little guy where’s your mama?”

The tiny kitten mewed softly, and El couldn’t hold back her smile. “He’s so cute!”

The two of them looked around for the mother, she couldn’t have gone far with the remaining kittens.

“Mike I don’t see her.” El told him softly.

“She’s gotta be here, she wouldn’t have just *left* her kitten.” Mike thought back to what Mr. Clarke had said when they’d studied the animal kingdom. “Unless... unless he’s the runt.”

“Runt?”

Mike was sad and El could sense it. Runt did not feel like a nice word to describe an animal.

“The smallest of the litter. See, cats have many babies at once, not just one like most humans do.” El nodded, remembering her talk with Joyce about babies. “The runt is usually the one that didn’t get enough nutrients from the mom. It’s the smallest of all its brothers and sisters, and was too weak to fight for milk, that’s why he’s so tiny.”

“So what’s gonna happen to him Mike?”

“I dunno, El.” He looked to her, sadness in her eyes. “Okay, go inside and get some blankets, and milk, I know what to do.”

El ran back towards the cabin while Mike scooped up the little kitten. He helped her make a little nest for it on the couch then ran to his bike. “Where are you going?”

“I’ll be back in a bit!”

Half an hour later, Mike arrived holding one of Holly's baby bottles and a small jug of milk.

"He must be hungry." Mike told El, and picked the kitten up. "Have you thought of a name for him?"

She thought for a moment "Theodore, like Alvin and the Chipmunks. He's my favourite."

Mike smiled. "Theodore it is, Teddy for short. Hey there little guy." Teddy woke up from his nap and looked around the room. Mike held out the bottle for him, and Teddy nudged it with his nose, taking little sips from the rubber bottle nipple. "That's it!"

El stared at Mike with wonder. He was so good at this. "Mike, why would Teddy's mama leave him?"

"He's really small, El. Maybe his mama didn't know if he'd survive. Sometimes, the moms reject the runts."

She felt sad for the tiny ball of fur in Mike's arms. "It's okay Teddy, I'm your mama now."

Mike smiled as El nuzzled his shoulder, petting Teddy while he fed him. Mike was only thirteen, but it was like getting a glimpse into a possible future with El... and maybe a baby of their own one day.

"Here, why don't you hold him?" Mike passed Teddy to El, and she smiled as the tiny thing burrowed in the crook of her elbow. She was a little nervous holding him, being that he was so small, but he seemed to love the warmth his mama provided him.

El giggled. "I think he likes me!"

"Yeah, I think he'll be happy here."

Over the next ten years, Teddy became a beloved part of the Hopper household. Jim didn't freak out as much as Mike expected him to over the new pet, instead, he helped out buying some toys and proper bedding for him.

Teddy followed El everywhere she went, even when she moved into a

small home in Indianapolis with Mike.

He was their baby, they loved him and how he'd brought El and Mike together. *He's gonna bring us together even closer now.* Mike thought as he fastened the special bowtie collar he'd bought for the occasion. A tiny bell hung right in the middle, letting them know where he was at all times (he was still pretty small).

"Hey Ellie, call Teddy, I got him a new collar."

"Teddy, come see mama!" Teddy ran towards the living room, and Mike knew she'd noticed the diamond engagement ring he'd attached to the bowtie moments before when El yelled "Oh my god Mike!"

2. Eggo Preggo

Summary for the Chapter:

Mileven and El finding out she's pregnant ft. Teddy?

Notes for the Chapter:

I was really tired when I started writing this (and/or a little tipsy, write drunk, edit sober am I right?) and I'd saved it as "Eggo Preggo" so I rolled with it and here we are. As always, if you like it lemmie know!

In all her 24 years of life, El had never felt this way.

It was a strange sort of feeling, she was on edge... anxious about something, but she didn't know what, and she didn't like it. Something was wrong with El, and there was absolutely no way she could place it.

Her life was perfect. Four months ago, she'd married the love of her life in a beautiful ceremony in their hometown. Her and Mike both had stable jobs with a decent income, they had a great friend and support group, and of course, they had Teddy, their baby.

Even though Teddy was about to turn 11, he was still in many ways a kitten. Being the runt of the litter, he was smaller than the average cat, but he was healthy and active and the most lovable little thing.

Now, Teddy sat with El as she ate her breakfast, her mind far away.

“El?” Her faraway state made her unresponsive. “El?” Still nothing. “Hey Ellie.” Teddy pawed at her arm, and finally brought her out of her own head.

“What... oh, Mike.”

He frowned. “Ellie, you okay?”

She nodded, taking another sip of her orange juice. “Yeah, yeah, just tired.”

“Alright. I’ll see you tonight. Love you.”

She pecked him on the lips. “Love you too.”

El couldn’t shake that faraway feeling as she got to work. Usually the museum calmed her, but today, she just felt on edge.

It wasn’t until she felt her breakfast coming back up that she decided something was *definitely* wrong.

El always felt bad if she had to leave work early, *especially* on a Friday, but she couldn’t be there feeling the way she did, not after she’d just thrown up. Oddly enough, as soon as she was home with Teddy in her arms, she felt better.

The two of them snuggled together on the couch, El rubbing her stomach. *Maybe I'm getting my period*, she thought, but the movement of her hand stopped quickly.

El hadn't gotten her period yet. This had been the second month in a row that it didn't come. She'd gotten lazy about tracking it ever since she was in her late teens, and didn't think about it at all, but now that she thought about it... it hadn't come around in a while.

Her head spun, she had no idea what this meant for her. But she knew who would.

El picked up the phone, dialing a number she now knew by heart.

"Hi Joyce, it's me."

"Hi sweetie, how are you?"

Her stepmother would know exactly what was going on.

"I... well I have to ask you something. Have you ever missed your period?"

Joyce was silent on the other end. "Well... yeah I have when I was pregnant with the boys. Why, have you skipped yours?"

Pregnant? She thought back to her vague memories of the ninth grade sex ed class and paled. “Y-yeah, two months now. Am I broken?”

“No sweetie, you’re not broken. How do you feel? Tired? Sore? Are you running to the bathroom a lot?”

“Yes.” She answered quietly. “I threw up this morning at work.”

“Well then, you might want to pick up a pregnancy test or two from the drug store. I recommend—”

El’s head was reeling. How could she have missed it? She didn’t remember skipping a period being taught as part of her sex ed class. Maybe it was mentioned in passing...

Joyce’s advice did nothing to calm her nerves. She was a wreck as she walked down the street to the nearby drug store and picked up a few different pregnancy tests, not paying attention to what the pharmacist told her about them. She’d been too nervous to even take any out of the bag.

She’d been napping on the couch when Mike came home.

“Ellie?” He moved around to the couch where she was napping and shook her awake. “Hey, Ellie are you alright?”

“Mmhmm, just not feeling the best today.”

They could hear Teddy meowing in the distance, but that didn't matter to them at that moment.

"I-is there anything... can I get you anything?"

"No, I think I just needed to sleep off whatever's come over me." El paled, not wanting to say anything to Mike if there was no reason to. But Teddy had a different idea.

His meows got louder from his spot in the kitchen as he played with the loud paper bag.

"What has he gotten into now?" Mike joked, already halfway to the kitchen.

It suddenly hit El that the paper bag held the pregnancy tests she'd bought earlier today. She jumped off the couch. "Wait, Mike." But she was a second too late. He was already reaching into the bag.

"E-El?" He pulled out the first unopened box.

Tears sprung to her eyes. It was as if she'd suddenly lost control of her emotions.

"El are you pregnant?"

“I—I don’t know but I think I might be.”

He pulled her into a hug and she collapsed against his chest, crying into his shirt.

“Hey... hey it’s okay. Why don’t you start by taking some of these tests?”

El nodded and picked up the bag with a shaky hand. Mike waited patiently for her outside the bathroom. He tried not to get himself too worked up about it, but his hands were trembling, half from fear, half from joy. She was only in there a minute before she emerged with red eyes and tearstained cheeks. Mike brought her into another hug, whispering softly into her ear.

“We have to wait three minutes now. Ellie, why are you so upset?”

“I-I’m terrified.” For the entire beginning of her life, El never felt as her body was her own. It always belonged to the lab, everything she did was closely monitored. “My body...”

“Is an extraordinary thing. Look at all the amazing things you’ve done. You can move things with your mind, you saved Will, and now... now you could be growing a *baby* inside you.”

“But what if they end up like me?”

Mike couldn't even begin to understand all of El's fears around carrying a baby, but this was a fear that had never even crossed his mind.

"So what? If they're a little different, then we deal with it. You learned to control it, and we can teach them to control it too. And if anybody... if *anybody* tries to lay a hand on them, they'll have to go through me, and you, and Hopper and the *rest* of the party, including Steve and Nancy and Jonathan."

El smiled a little, knowing Mike was right. They couldn't be sure that all the bad men were gone now, but they could be sure that this child would have the best damn support system possible.

"Thank you Mike."

"No need to thank me. I love you, and no matter what happens, we're in this together." He took his hand as she flipped over the small stick in her hand. The two of them frowned as they looked at the result.

"W-what does that mean?" Mike asked as he took a closer look. "One line?" Both tests she took had the same result.

"Not pregnant..."

El and Mike took a trip to the doctor later in the weekend, and as it

turns out, El was not pregnant. They collapsed on the couch in their small home as soon as they'd arrived and cuddled up together.

"Forgive me for saying this, but *thank god*." Mike was truthfully relieved.

"You don't want a baby?"

"No, of course I want a baby, El I *want* to have a family together. Someday. But I don't think I'm ready to be a dad just yet."

El smiled. "I'm not ready to be a mom either."

"God I love you so much, you know that? We'll just have to be extra careful. We can do that, right?"

The two of them had proven they could be careful for the next three years. But one day in late April of her 27th year, she felt that awful sinking in her stomach again.

Her walk down the aisle of the pharmacy felt like *déjà vu*. She and Mike still hadn't decided that they were ready yet, but this time, maybe they *had* to be.

Mike wasn't there when she took this round of tests, he was still at work and didn't know she'd gone home sick (it all felt eerily familiar). But this time, she wasn't scared. And when she flipped the

tests over with Teddy by her side, she saw two clear lines.

“Ellie?” She hid the tests as soon as she heard Mike step through the door.

“In the living room.” They’d recently moved into a bigger home, and while they were mostly unpacked, they still had a few things left over.

“I... we need to talk.”

Her heart sank. Nothing good ever followed those four words. “Okay. What’s on your mind?”

“I’ve been doing a lot of thinking, and I... I feel like it’s time.”

“Mike—”

“I don’t know if you’re ready, and it’s totally fine if you’re not...”

“Mike—”

“But, I really want a family El, and I think it would be a good time to start trying, and—”

“Mike!”

He stopped, forgetting there was anyone else in the room after the weeks of planning this conversation in his own head.

“There’s something I need you to see.” She said simply.

“O-okay.”

El walked up to him and held her hand out, their eyes never leaving the other’s as he took the items from her hand.

Three plastic sticks now sat in his palm. He was too afraid to look.

“El... El is this what I think it is?”

She bit her lip and nodded as tears sprung to her eyes, but this time around, they were happy tears.

“Why don’t you take a look for yourself Mike.”

Two lines. All three of the pink and white sticks had two clear lines, and this time they were positive that this was true.

Mike was speechless. “You’re...”

“*You’re* gonna be a dad.”

He couldn’t help himself from picking her up and spinning her around in his arms. “Oh my god, are you serious!”

El giggled. “Obviously! The proof is right there.”

“We’re gonna have a baby.” He whispered, putting her down. “A-are... are you ready?”

“Yes? No? I’m terrified... but I’m also *so* excited!”

Mike couldn’t hold himself back from bringing her closer in his arms and kissing her like his life depended on it. El could feel his tears on his cheeks mingle with hers, and she hugged him close after breaking the kiss.

“I love you so much, god you’re such an amazing woman.”

“And you’re gonna be an amazing father.”

She didn't think his smile could get any wider, but sure enough, Mike's smile grew.

His cheeks hurt, and he knew he looked ridiculous, but he couldn't stop smiling as he bent down to his knees and kissed her stomach. He had everything he'd ever wanted, and they were finally going to be a family.

3. The Party 2.0

Summary for the Chapter:

After Mike and Eleven find out that two will soon become three, it's time to tell the party their big news.

Notes for the Chapter:

I'm baaaack! Here's chapter three, thank you to the Anonymous messenger on Tumblr for this prompt! I've upped the rating slightly for this chapter because of some swearing.

As always, I'd love to hear any feedback you may have for me, and my inbox is always open for prompts!

Pregnancy was not nice to El.

She chalked it up to the lab and everything they'd done to her, but her doctor assured her that everything she was experiencing was perfectly normal. But she felt like she was sick for most of the day, every day, she'd *already* gained like ten pounds, and she always felt miserable.

El being who she was, always tried to keep a sunny disposition, especially because of how excited they were to bring this baby into the world.

Of course, their parents had been ecstatic about the whole thing. His mother would now have two grandkids to run after since Nancy had her boy earlier in the year, and Mike had never seen his mother show so much attention to his wife.

Every time they went back to Hawkins, even just for dinner, Mike wouldn't see El the entire time. Karen Wheeler was a mother through and through, and she wanted to know every little nitty gritty detail of El's pregnancy. (There were times Mike had to step in, *Mom, you can't just ask that; mom that's personal; mom, can we not talk about this at the dinner table*).

This particular visit home was special, because it was the first time in months that the party would all be getting together again.

After lunch with Joyce and Hopper, they'd all be heading down to Dustin's (his mom had moved into a smaller retirement condo and left her house for him and his fiancée Jennifer). Lucas and Max were visiting from California, and Will from New York.

El held Mike's hand nervously as they walked up the steps to the Hopper-Byers residence. Jim and Joyce had been over the moon when they told them they'd be grandparents (again), Jim even cried a little. But Will was still in the dark.

Their doctor had advised them to wait until they'd passed the three-month mark before telling anyone outside their immediate family. This was a normal thing that every pregnant woman was told of course, but it still scared El to death. Alas, she made it through her first trimester, and the baby appeared to be healthy with a strong heartbeat. Mike and El decided this was as good a time as any to tell their friends. Besides, she was finding it harder and harder each day to hide the bump.

"Will!" El jumped into her stepbrother's arms as he opened the door

for them.

“Hey guys!” Will had always been supportive of Mike and El’s relationship. He stood with Mike as they read their vows, hell, he’d even crashed countless dates (of course he didn’t quite realize they were dates until after he’d crashed them). Will knew the two of them inside and out, and he knew that *something* was different.

“El, your skin looks amazing, what have you been using?”

She shook her head, smiling at Will’s question. “Nothing out of the ordinary really, the summer is just agreeing with me I guess.”

Mike smirked and led her through the house, not noticing Will’s eyes immediately land on El’s waistline.

She’d always had a petite figure, and after living with El for a solid 6 years, Will was able to see that she’d gained weight. Her dress was loose and flowy, but he could see it hug her stomach a little more than that dress usually would have. He shook his head, but dropped the thought; his sister was beautiful, who cares if she’d gained a little weight.

“There she is! How are you doing mamma?” Hopper took El and hugged her tight.

“Mamma?” Will frowned, but the frown was quickly replaced by a smile as realization hit him. “Mamma?! El, are you...?”

“Oh shit, you haven’t told him yet?” Hopper pulled away, his face pale.

El rolled her eyes at her clueless father, but she still turned to Will with a smile. “Surprise! You’re gonna be an uncle!”

Will shrieked in excitement and pulled his sister close. “Oh my god that’s amazing! How far along? When’s the due date? Is it a boy or a girl?”

“Chill Byers, she’s 14 weeks today, due date is January 15th, and we have no idea. We’ll probably ask that at our next visit, but for now, it’s kinda nice to be in the dark.”

The man shook his head and pulled his best friend in for a hug. “Wow man, that’s... that’s incredible. Congratulations guys.”

El’s heart soared as her brother embraced the couple.

“Alright, enough of this sappiness, lunch is on the table.” Hopper had been the most emotional of the family that knew about baby Wheeler. El was anticipating the emotions from Hop, but she wasn’t anticipating just how protective he’d get. He called her nearly every day for updates, even came out to one of her doctor’s appointments when Mike couldn’t be there. He was the definition of supportive father, and she wouldn’t have it any other way. El just knew that now Will knew, he’d be just as supportive.

The couple tried to spare Will the gory details to the questions he'd asked all through lunch. Some of her experiences made Joyce cringe, her stepmother knowing how rough she'd had it in the first trimester, but most were heartwarming, like how Mike found out, how they'd told their parents, and soon, they'd have the story of telling their friends.

El was anxious as the three of them left for Dustin's. Somehow, telling more than just her immediate family made everything seem even more real than it already was.

Mike's thumb gently rubbed over El's engagement ring as they waited for their friend to answer the door. "Ready?"

"Ready as I'll ever be."

"Mike! El! Will!" Dustin pulled all three of them into a hug as he led them into the house. "Come in guys!"

The party was all smiles as they greeted one another. El was careful not to let her stomach get in the way of too much... she didn't want to spoil the surprise just yet.

Max eyed El carefully; her intuition regarding El was uncanny, the two were practically sisters. But if she suspected anything, she didn't say it.

“Alright, Jennifer brought back a little something from her trip to France, and I was waiting until we were all together to crack it open. No time like the present, right guys?” Dustin reappeared in the living room holding a bottle of fancy looking champagne, and El’s eyes went wide. She glanced over at Mike who shook his head.

The party cheered as the cork popped, and Mike looked at El expectantly as Dustin passed each guest a full glass. She took it graciously, smiling at her friend.

Mike’s eyes darted around the room. Nobody had taken a sip yet, all were waiting for the inevitable speech that would come from their Bard.

“Well ladies and gents, this reunion has been a long time coming, but I’m glad we’re all here. Look at us, married, jobs, lives together... distance could never break our friendship, and that’s why I love you all.”

Dustin’s speech normally wouldn’t phase El, but she found her hormones playing tricks on her again as tears sprung to her eyes. “Dustin that was beautiful.”

“Thank you Ellie. Now, if you’ll all raise your glasses—” Mike looked around nervously. “To the party!”

“Wait!” Mike stood, his face suddenly going red. He took the glass from El’s hand and set it on the table.

“Mike... I wasn’t—”

Five pairs of eyes carefully watched Mike as he floundered for words. “Guys, we have something to tell you.”

“Well obviously. Come on, spit it out, the champagne is gonna get warm.” Lucas rolled his eyes as everyone lowered their glasses again.

Mike turned to his wife, heart pounding. They’d have to say something eventually, especially now that Will knew. It was fun having their own little secret for a bit, but it would get harder and harder to hide the bump. Besides, this is what they’d planned to do that day; someone would notice El wasn’t drinking so it was now or never.

She could sense his nervousness, so El stood up to join her husband, intertwining their fingers.

“Holy shit, are you guys getting a divorce?” Dustin’s face fell.

Mike’s face scrunched up, looking at his friend incredulously. “What! No. We would never—”

El finally chimed in, sensing her husband would beat around the bush until one of them dragged it out of them. “I’m pregnant!”

The room was silent for a split second before everyone erupted in

shouts of joy.

“Oh my god man, are you serious?” Dustin asked, losing his shit with the biggest grin stretching across his face.

“Yeah... yeah it was a surprise to us, but here we are.” Mike’s nerves dissipated as he saw his friends embrace his wife. A smile slowly lifted his cheeks, and he didn’t realize he was crying until his friends blurred together as they lovingly caressed the hint of El’s bump.

“You... you’re gonna be a dad!” Lucas, his oldest friend, whispered in Mike’s ear as they embraced. “How do you feel?”

“I’m kind of in disbelief to be honest. There was a time where we didn’t think she’d be able to have kids after our little scare when we were first married. She has to be really careful, I’m terrified that something might happen, but she’s a fighter, and baby Wheeler is too.”

“Baby Wheeler, oh my god you’re gonna have a little nerd of your own.” Dustin’s smile took over his whole face as he pulled Mike into a hug. “By the way, congrats on the sex.”

“Ew Dustin, fuck off.” Dustin only shrugged, heading back to the kitchen once more and returning with a champagne flute filled with juice for El instead.

“Alright, looks like we’re toasting to a completely different thing

altogether, something way more toastable than just all of us being home at the same time. To Mike and El, as you start your new phase in life. I hope the little one looks more like their beautiful mother than their unfortunate looking father.” Mike flipped him off. “El, don’t forget the beautiful wedding vows you read to your husband as your pushing a watermelon from where the sun don’t shine.” Max chuckled as El paled. “And please don’t break his hand, they’re already weird and alien-y enough as it is. So if everyone will raise their glasses, here’s to the Party 2.0!”

“The Party 2.0!”